

Poke' Show, Inc. Part 2 of 3

by Cameo Anderson

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Summary: Mikie and Steve run into trouble when Gary Oak's Gyrados is killed in battle. MewTwo's attempt to escape isn't helping things.

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PART TWO

By: Cameo Anderson

"Psyche"

"Live on stage for your viewing pleasure we have brought to you the world renowned Pokemon trainers Steven Stanton and Michael Milkins and their amazing Pokemon for a two hour extravaganza of unforgettable fun, illusion, and extraordinary talent. The Poke' Dome proudly welcomes and presents Poke' Show, Inc!" The crowds cheered wildly for the famed duo and their team of Pokemon. It'd been nearly a year since they and their Pokemon had graced the stage at any public exhibition. Rumor had it they had been training the world's most powerful and rare Pokemon and that tonight they would present it for the world to seeâ€¦ they waited in anticipation.

Michael was the first to appear on stage, still walking with one crutch as the battle with MewTwo had cost him the ability to move his right leg almost completely. The audience held their breaths as he held his free hand in the air, a glimmering poke' ball in his grasp. Steve stepped up to the microphone, "Hello. We know it has been some time since you've seen us on stage, but we plan to make up for it tonight with a spectacle never before beheld by the likes of Pokemon or trainers in history! The audience erupted into wild cheering. "Tonight I'd like to present to you the rarest Pokemon of all.

Genetically created from the ultra-rare Mew, this Pokemon is the only one of his kind. His name-" Steve paused to add drama to the presentation, and then continued, "Is MewTwo!"

Mikie tossed the poke' ball into the air, watching the audience hold their breath in sheer excitement. The ball began to glow, sending shafts of multicolored light from within as it grew, and split in two, falling back to the stage. The bright iridescent light formed itself into the shape of a Pokemon unlike anything they could have ever imagined as it floated down to the floor of the stage. The glow left it, causing the vague silhouette to take the clear form of the ever-elusive MewTwo. A silence fell over the crowd, mouths agape, eyes transfixed on the magnificent creature that stood before them.

Steve stood proudly with his arms crossed, eyeing his Pokemon and soaking up the crowd's enthusiasm like a sponge. Mikie simply smiled as he reached for the empty poke' ball on the stage floor. MewTwo was a giant of a beast, standing at least 6 feet tall, eyes burning like the fading embers of a recent fire. The creature did not stir for what seemed like an eternityâ€| it was contemplating its existence once more. Thinking back to a time so distant, the last battle he'd fought, the lesson he'd learnedâ€| but where had peace gotten him? A lifetime of solitude in some shrouded cave, a far cry from the glory for which he knew he himself was destined. MewTwo would not submit, no he refused to be a showpiece for a couple of no-account humans. Now was not the time, now he must give the illusion of submission, he must bide his time. For nothing is of greater importance than precision, he must have patience. MewTwo would get his revenge.

"Faces of destiny"

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Mikie calmly attached the poke' ball to his belt as Steve continued, "Tonight you will see just a small fraction of this great Pokemon's abilities. Mikie, give them a little demonstration." Mikie again raised hand into the air, signaling the Pokemon; dramatically he called out, "MewTwo- Psychic blast!" The crowd cheered in delight as the Pokemon formed a ball of blue static energy, holding it captive between it's two paws as if he were a fortuneteller looking into a beautiful crystal ball. Suddenly he tossed the shimmering sphere of psychic energy into the air, leaving a trail of tiny light particles behind it. The glistening energy spiraled up and up until it finally burst into an iridescent cloud of sparkling dust rivaling the grandest of fireworks display. The audience was captivated.

Steven took a bow, a huge grin spread across his face, gleaming with pride. Michael simply stood, silent, expressionless, watching the pokemon's every movement. Something about that creature made him nervous. Even after a year of intense training, Mike wasn't so convinced that this Pokemon was bound by the laws that govern Pokemonâ€| he could still turn on them, Mike could feel it. This was no show breed. They should never have captured it. It might be their downfall. But Steve didn't notice, nor would he have listened to Mike. After all, it had been Mike's idea to capture it in the first place, which Steve often reminded him of. And so Mike stood there, looking his doom in the eye, the wild screams of the audience providing the perfectly frightening backdrop for the memory that will forever be etched in Mikie Milkin's mind.

The show was enormously successful- everything flowed smoothly. MewTwo was successfully called back into his poke' ball with no difficulty. The audience was delighted. Mikie had just made his way carefully down the steps of the stage when he was stopped by a familiar figure. "Hi, I saw your show. That new Pokemon you've captured, it's magnificent! Where did you find it?" Mike recognized the voice of the greatest Pokemon trainer in history, Ash Ketchum. "Weâ€¦ found him in a cave, yes, a small rock tunnel- the one rumored to have a secret passageway to Cinnabar Island. Quite a fight, I dare say. Took Stevie, a ponyta, a Taurus, and myself to defeat him. And this was only out of luck, I fear. I don't think skill had a whole lot to do with it."

Ash only smiled, "You have what is possibly the most powerful Pokemon on the planet. Being a master, I am curious to know more about this creature. Perhaps you could attend the national Pokemon league dinner and competition a week from this Friday? We would be honored to have you there." Mikie was a bit surprised that THE Ash Ketchum would ask him to such an elite affair, but he assured the legendary trainer that he and Steve would definitely be there. Meanwhile, Steve got an entirely different propositionâ€¦

"Unexpected Exhibition"

Just beyond the corridor that led to the backstage area, Steve was engrossed in conversation with another familiar face, Gary Oak, master trainer and Ash's only rival. "So, what do you think?" Steve hesitated momentarily, "I'm not sure Mikie would go for thatâ€¦ he seems to think this Pokemon is dangerous- might even turn on it's masters. And he's got the ball, so if he doesn't like it, it's a no-go, Mr. Oak." Gary gave Steve a look of death, picking the surprised showman up by his shirt collar, "You will let me get a look at that Pokemon, or I'll take it from you by force, kid. Steve flatly refused his offer, "I'm sorry, but you can just forget it, Mr. Oak. We just can't risk letting someone else have control of MewTwo." Gary dropped him and reached for a poke' ball, "I'm much older than you. You should respect your elders!" Steve reached for the ball holding his pikachu and tossed it at Gary. "Blastoise, Go!" Gary looked at Steve evilly, "If I win, all of your Pokemon are mine!" Steve growled back, "You may as well surrender now- Pikachu, I chose you!"

"Blastoise, use Bubble beam!" The bubbles hit the little pikachu with tremendous force, causing it to fly backwards and land with a hard "thud" against the wall. By now their fight had drawn the attention of a large crowd. Mikie was among them. "Pikachu! Get up! Use Shock!" Pikachu stood up with its last remaining strength, and it's face wrinkled with tremendous effort, it zapped the Blastoise nearly senseless. But, a bite on the part of Gary's Pokemon sent the worn out pikachu into unconsciousness. "Pikachu, return! Rapidash, Go!" A glowing, fresh, ready to fight rapidash lunged at Blastoise with its long horn, gouging its shell, and sending it to the same fate as the pikachu. Gary called back his Blastoise, anger written all over his distorted face.

Gary sent out GeoDude, and Steve urged his Pokemon on, "Get him, Rio! Use Horn Drill again!" The obedient rapidash did as it was told and drilled a hole right through the solid rock Pokemon, sending it to the realm of the unconscious as well. "Good job, Rapidash!" Steve was

about to call his rapidash back when Gary smirked, "Wait. I have one more Pokemon." From a place hidden under his jacket, Gary retrieved a poke' ball. Steve was outraged, "That's cheating! You're supposed to keep all of your poke' balls visible in a fight!" Despite Steve's objection, Gary tossed the poke' ball into the air, "Gyrados, Go!" Rapidash had no hope of defeating this powerful Pokemon, and his Eevee was not fit to battle, as she was due to give birth at any time. Still, Steve fought on. No member of Poke' Co ever gave up, never. "Rio, use Stampede!" The Gyrados effectively countered the attack. "Gyrados, use dragon rage!" Steve knew this was it. The attack was merciless. It only took seconds for Rio to fall to the floor, barely breathing. "Looks like I won." Gary chortled, "I get your Pokemon now." Steve knelt down beside his rapidash, defeated, "You'll be okay," He whispered to his beloved steed.

Just at that moment, Mikie appeared on the sidelines, "You haven't won anything yet, he still has one more Pokemon!" Ignoring the enraged look on the master trainer's face, Mikie tossed Steve a stray poke' ball, "MewTwo hasn't been tested in a real fight yet, this would be a good trial run." Steve could hardly believe his ears, Michael Milkins, the most paranoid, scrupulous, and skeptical man alive was going to trust the most irresponsible, crazy, least ambitious man alive with the greatest Pokemon known to mankind? Maybe Mike was following Steve over the edge of insanity. Whatever the case, Steve leapt to his feet, clutching the prized poke' ball, "MewTwo, Go!"

Gary stepped back, angry and ready to show the world just how ticked off he was, "Gyrados, Dragon Rage!" The water-dragon's attack was unusually fierce, but MewTwo's psychic beam easily tossed the Gyrados across the room. MewTwo readied himself to finish the fight. Ignoring Steve's commands, he tossed an enormous wad of plasma-like psy-beam concentrate with deadly accuracy at the Gyrados, who was unable to respond in time. The plasma ripped into its chest and killed the Pokemon instantly. "That will teach you to mess with MewTwo." The Pokemon muttered to himself. "What do you think you're doing? You have to obey my commands, MewTwo!" Steve was outraged. It was just not morally right to actually kill a Pokemon in battle. It was against everything Steve believed in and probably against some law as well, though if it was Steve never found out about it. No one would dare challenge the owner of MewTwo.

In either case, Gary knelt down beside his lifeless Gyrados, his tears streaming down his cheek. Looking up at Steve and the unrepentant MewTwo, he growled harshly, "Look what you've done. You've killed him. You had no right. I will get even with you, all of you!" He gestured emphatically towards Steve, MewTwo, Mikie, and a couple of other poke' co employees. "I'll make sure you're little Poke' Show never sees the stage again! You here me? Never!" Steve knew Gary was right. They had no right to kill that Gyrados, but he never intended to. That was MewTwo. There was no way to make up for killing a man's Pokemon, because no matter how big of a jerk he might be, Pokemon are like family, loyal friends to the end, no matter who their trainer. No one should ever take away a man's family. But that's what MewTwo had done, and that's something they could never change.

"Masters of Style"

The time for the National Pokemon League Celebration came quickly for

the two of them. They'd been working long and hard with their MewTwo to prepare it for this occasion, but they still were far from certain that they could trust the devious Pokemon. Both dressed in tuxes, they both rode in their shining white convertible to the event. Trying to be as impressive as possible in such an elite crowd was difficult for Stevie, but Mikie had no trouble at all, even though he still relied on his crutch to get around.

Steve just couldn't keep his eyes off some of the more full figured master trainers that were mingling about in the dining hall. Mikie gave him a sharp look, "Steve. Not now. Save it for somewhere else. These girls have got other things on their minds, like Pokemon. As should we, so let's go." Steve just groaned at his friend's seemingly complete disinterest in the female gender, but an idea crossed his mind when a familiar face showed up in the crowd.

"Hey, imagine seeing you two here." Cindy Oak, daughter of Gary Oak, whom they'd, met just after they'd captured MewTwo, strolled over in her Junior Trainer's uniform. "Well, what a pleasant surprise!" Steve looked down at the floor and then continued, "So, you do remember us then, aye- my bud Mikie and I?" Cindy just laughed, "Do I? Who wouldn't! You've got to be the most loco pair of guys on the planet. I mean last year you took your pikachu skydiving, didn't you Steve, and your buddy, Mikie, he went with you even though he can't use his leg? You guys are just impossible to forgetâ€¦ especially for my dad. If he sees you two here tonight, you better be ready for a fight. He still hasn't forgotten." Her tone instantly changed from her singsong, bell-like voice to a serious whisper.

Steve had almost forgotten that. Gary had every right to be angry with them. "If he challenges us, it's his right." Steve admitted, though he hated the idea, "It's only fair since one of ours killed one of his." Steve was disappointed; this reunion wasn't going in a positive direction. Mikie looked up at them both and quietly spoke, "Don't worry. I'll take care of it. There's no need to fight." Before they could ask for an explanation, a voice over a loudspeaker announced, "Welcome, trainers! This is the 14th annual Pokemon Master Celebration of life! It's time to begin so if you would all find your seats at your assigned tables, we will start this party off right. Here to do that for us is Acclaimed Pokemon Master, and researcher, Ash Ketchum!"

The three of them sat down at an unreserved table in the back, watching the ceremonies. Ash Ketchum, actually dressed up for the occasion, stood upon the platform. "Welcome! I look forward to this year's festivities and getting to know all of you who've just reached the rank of master. But there is an even more exciting element to this little Pokemon road showâ€¦ two very honorable guests, and Co-founders of Poke' Show, Inc., Steven Stanton and Michael Milkins! Come on up here, you two, and show the masters and researchers in our audience the newest Pokemon, and possibly the most powerful, known to exist."

All eyes settled on the duo as they made their way to the stage, "You didn't tell me we'd have to give a speech, Mikie. Thanks a lot!" Steve whispered to his completely calm partner, "I mean how can you not be nervous when you're going to talk in front of all the most famous people on Earth?" Mikie just smiled and whispered back, "You'd be surprised to know just how nervous I really am. Where you and I differ, is that I am very good at hiding it. I had a hint that we'd

be speaking here tonight, and so I did prepare a little something for you, Steve. Don't worry." With that, they stepped up to the platform, Ash promptly stepping off the stage.

"In hopes of forgiveness"

Mikie was the first to step up to the mike, smiling through his anxiousness, and leaning on his wooden crutch, "Hello everyone. As you know, I am Michael Milkins, co-founder of Poke' Show, Inc, the captors of newest and most powerful Pokemon. What you may not have been told is that in our quest to train this wild creature, we ignored the dangers of using an untested Pokemon in battle and because of that, a great man lost a Pokemon he cared for dearly. And before we do anything tonight, I would just like to apologize to that man, Master Trainer Gary Oak, for the unfortunate death of his Gyrados."

"We fought a hard fight that you would have won, but the circumstances surrounding the fight leave the victory to us. The only thing I wish to say here is that jealousy and pride can cause us all to do things we later regret and this fight was one of them and so on behalf of myself and Steven, I wish to convey our sincere apologies and wish you the best of luck in your career as a Pokemon master." The audience cheered, though most knew nothing of the battle at the Poke' Dome only a week earlier.

"That having been said, I would like to introduce to you my friend and business partner, Steven S. Stanton to tell you about our newest catch." The crowd cheered as Steve stepped up to the microphone. Tears were running down Cindy's eyes as she thought about the beautiful apology to her father, and she hoped that they could put their differences behind them and see what lies ahead for the future.

They were only on stage for about 15 minutes answering questions about MewTwo, showing photos and video clips of their Pokemon. They brought MewTwo out of his poke' ball only for a few moments to allow everyone to get a first hand look at this new Pokemon, and give anyone with a pokedex a chance to add him to their list. After Mike and Steve left the stage, there was a host of other famous speakers who talked to the gathering of poke professionals, updating them on newly created TMs, HMs, the construction of a new Poke' Center and Gym in city called Jasmine. The new Gym leader was named, and whom they picked was no surprise to any of the guests. It was Kevin Ketchum, son of Ash. Kevin got a standing ovation as he accepted the honor, making a short speech and then clearing the stage. It was time for the dinner to be served.

Mike, Steve, and Cindy sat back down at their table and waited to be served. Soon another guest came to sit with them, surprising them all. Gary Oak picked up a menu and began scanning it for something that sounded good. Steve didn't dare say a word, but Mike was curious to see whether or not Gary had forgiven them.

"So Gary, what do you think? About that new Gym in Jasmine City?" Michael casually asked. Gary looked up, his face betrayed no emotion, "Ash's son is a good trainer, has more potential than his father ever did. I don't see any reason to worry about that gym." He looked back at his menu promptly. Mike was disappointed, that didn't tell him much at all. "You know, if you ever want to come see MewTwo, you're

welcome to visit Poke' Show's headquarters anytime you like. We'd be happy to let you get a look at him yourself." Mike hoped this would bring out Gary's feelings one way or another. Gary said nothing, he didn't even look up from his menu until the waitress came and took their order. Cindy scotched over in the booth and leaned on her father's shoulder, "C'mon, Dad, let go of it. They said they were sorry, and I don't like seeing you unhappy." Cindy smiled up at him as he handed the menu to the waitress, "All right, Cindy, I'll try to get along." Gary smiled at his daughter; there was no one he loved more in the world since his wife disappeared some years ago. She was his world.

Mike smiled, "So, what do you think? Would you like to come to our home sometime and see MewTwo?" Gary looked over at him and forced a smile, "Sure. Sometime." Mike picked up his glass of soda and took a drink. Setting his cup back down, he looked at Gary, "You're welcome whenever, and you can bring Cindy along if you like." Cindy smiled at her Dad, and then looked at Mike, "I'd love to! Sounds fun." She took a sip of her tea and put her cup back down on the table.

Brock, master trainer and gym leader, brought his wife, Nurse Joy, to the celebration and they took seats at the same table. Ash and Misty Ketchum, along with their son Kevin, also sat down. After a delicious meal, the conversation drifted to MewTwo. Kevin enquired, "So, what's it like training that Pokemon anyhow?" Steve answered, "Well, it's not at all like training a regular Pokemon. This one has free will pretty much does as he pleases. And he doesn't learn from TMs like other Pokemon, he already knows what he can do with his powers, but what we try to teach him is how to use them responsiblyâ€¦" Steve didn't even have to look at Gary to feel his sharp glare, "It's more like teaching a human, really. He has a very large vocabulary, probably knows more words than I do, and he's very feisty and self-motivated. So far he's been okay at shows, but I don't think he enjoys them, and he sure makes life miserable for us outside of the show ring." Kevin was deeply interested in this Pokemon, and so he kept asking questions about abilities, personality and methods of training, all of which Steve answered in detail. Soon the time came to leave the Celebration and return to their hotels. And so the group said their goodbyes and headed off to their rooms.

"Theory of object relationships"

It seemed the toughest battle was over, Gary had apparently forgiven them for what MewTwo had done in the battle at the Poke' Dome. The duo's corporation had grown tremendously in the last several months. They were now doing 2-3 shows a day and they had 500 employees doing everything from sound and lighting during the shows, to people that took care of the up keeping of Poke Show's office building. They'd added 5 new trainers to their shows and so Mikie decided to stop personally appearing during shows and simply managed the corporation, while Steve just ate up the spotlight, starring with his 6 Pokemon and 5 fellow trainers, delighting audiences from around the globe with amazing feats of training. MewTwo was often seen at the shows, though the Pokemon hated it more and more everyday and was becoming very reclusive and less manageable. Soon Mike made the decision to stop showing MewTwo in the shows and took up the task of personally training the rebellious Pokemon.

"Now listen, MewTwo, we have to keep you in the poke' ball, it's just the way it is. Pokemon belong in poke' balls." Mike tried to reason

with MewTwo, who refused to get into his poke' ball. "I grow tired of you playing me for some mindless beast- using me to perform tricks for the mere amusement of your fellow humans. I am more than a Pokemon, more than a human, I am MewTwo and I will no longer submit to this. I will not return to that poke' ball again." Mike replied, "Very well, if we allow you to remain outside of the poke' ball, will you continue to perform in the shows? MewTwo, our company needs you. We are a world renowned show- you put us there, and I would hate to loose you."

MewTwo glared at the human, "Very well, I will accept your proposition for the time being, but not for you. I must find my purpose in life. I must seek my destiny. I know I was not meant to serve humansâ€¦ I have a greater purpose and I must find what that is." MewTwo's eyes were narrowed as those last words echoed inside Mike's headâ€¦ MewTwo always spoke telepathically which led Mike to wonder if the Pokemon could speak at all, but he never dared ask, since it was never eager to share information about itself. Mikie got the feeling that MewTwo had another agendaâ€¦ but he would do everything in his power to convince this Pokemon that they were it's friends, not enemies, and that they were doing what was for the best- for everyone.

"Listen, MewTwo. I can tell you where your destiny lies. I know what you are meant for. You are to be respected by humans and Pokemon alike. I know that you are meant to grow into the most powerful creature in existence. You are meant to evolve into a great and powerful being set apart from all other living creatures and to be known throughout the land. That is what I am trying to help you accomplish. You see, you lack something that is very important to develop into a truly great being, and that is humanity. I don't mean that you must become like us to be whom you will become, however, it is important to know your limits and accept them, to know and understand the emotions, thoughts, feelings, reactions, and ideas of both humans and Pokemon."

"In order to be respected, you must have respect. In order to lead, you must be led. That is the way things work, MewTwo. And we are here to help you along your path. What better place to learn about and understand both Pokemon and humans, than in a place where you are exposed to large quantities of both on a daily basis. We can offer you something that no one else can, an environment where you can grow and prosper and become what you so desire to."

Michael sat down at his desk and awaited MewTwo's response. "I will ponder these things. Should I find you to be correct, I will remain in the service of your company. Should I find that you are attempting to use me for your own personal gainâ€¦" the Pokemon paused momentarily, and then continued, "You do not want to find out what the consequences will be." With that, MewTwo turned to walk out the door into the training arena. Michael called out from behind, "Just don't forget what I have said. Consider your choice carefully."

Steve chose that moment to burst through the door, "Hey Mikie! I just got a call from Gary Oak. He says he wants to take you up on your offer!" Mike took a deep breath and got up from his desk, "Did he tell you when?" Steve made his way over to the desk, "Yeah. He wants to come over this Saturday and see MewTwo. Oh, and he said he was going to bring Cindy with him." Steve smiled at Mikie, knowing she

had a soft spot for the famous Michael M Milkins of Poke' Show, Inc. Mike just smiled back, not giving Steve any indication of weather or not he realized the fact. "Steve, I should let you know I've decided to allow MewTwo to stay outside of the poke' ball. He's becoming harder and harder to deal with, and the only way I could get him to stay and perform in this shows was if I allowed him to remain outside of his ball. He's in the training arena now with Rio and Eve." Eve was the name of Steve's Eevee, who'd had a litter of 4 not more than a week and a half earlier.

Steve was surprised at Mike's decision to allow MewTwo to get his way, but then he hadn't been there to here the discussion, so he trusted Mike's judgment. "Okay. So what shall I tell Gary?" Mike picked up his pikachu paperweight, and rolling it around in his palm, he replied, "Tell him we'll be waiting on the south lawn at noon." Steve nodded and left the room. It seemed that Poke' Show, Inc. was off like a gunshot on the road to success.

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